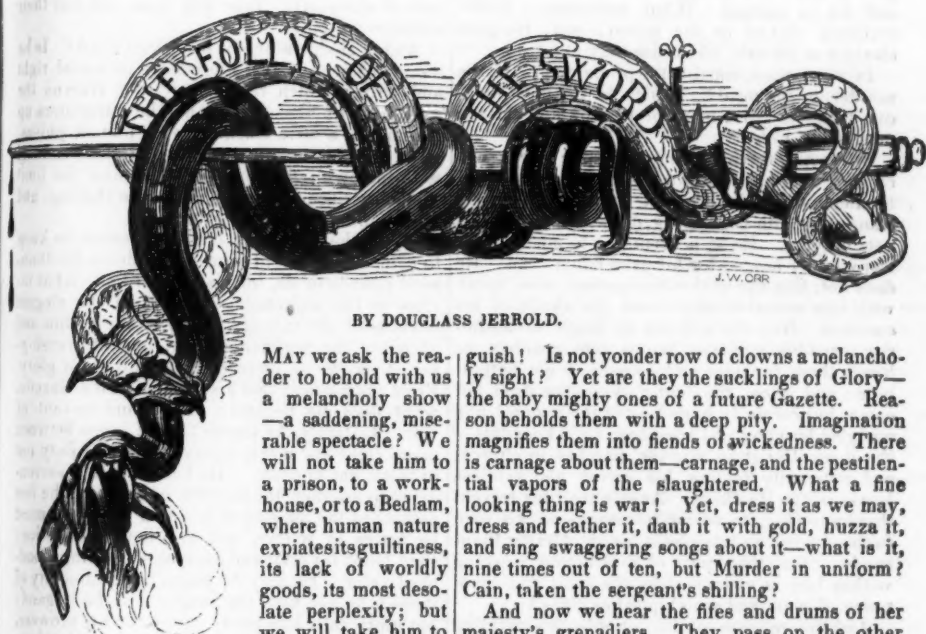


# THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LARREE & ROBINSON, PUBLISHERS....NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1846....LAWRENCE LARREE, EDITOR.



BY DOUGLASS JERROLD.

MAY we ask the reader to behold with us a melancholy show—a saddening, miserable spectacle? We will not take him to a prison, to a work-house, or to a Bedlam, where human nature expiates its guiltiness, its lack of worldly goods, its most desolate perplexity; but we will take him to a wretchedness, first contrived by wrong, and perpetuated by folly. We will show him the embryo mischief that, in due season, shall be born in the completeness of its terror, and shall be christened with a sounding name, Folly and Wickedness standing sponsors.

We are in St. James's Park. The royal standard of England burns in the summer air—the queen is in London. We pass the palace, and in a few paces are in Birdcage Walk. There, reader, is a miserable show we promised you. There are some fifty recruits, drilled by a sergeant to do homicide cleanly, handsomely. In Birdcage Walk, Glory sits upon her eggs, and hatches eagles!

How very beautiful is the sky above us! What a blessing comes with the fresh, quick air! The trees, drawing their green beauty from the earth, quicken our thoughts of the bounteousness of this teeming world. Here, in this nook, this patch, where we yet feel the vibrations of surrounding London—even here, nature, constant in her beauty, blooms and smiles, uplifting the heart of man, if the heart be his, to own her.

Now look aside, and contemplate God's image with a musket. Your bosom still expanding with gratitude to nature, for the blessings she has heaped about you, behold the crowning glory of God's work managed like a machine, to slay the image of God—to stain the teeming earth with homicidal blood—to fill the air with howling an-

guish! Is not yonder row of clowns a melancholy sight? Yet are they the sucklings of Glory—the baby mighty ones of a future Gazette. Reason beholds them with a deep pity. Imagination magnifies them into fiends of wickedness. There is carnage about them—carnage, and the pestilential vapors of the slaughtered. What a fine looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it—what is it, nine times out of ten, but Murder in uniform? Cain, taken the sergeant's shilling?

And now we hear the fifes and drums of her majesty's grenadiers. They pass on the other side; and a crowd of idlers, their hearts jumping to the music, their eyes dazzled, and their feelings perverted, hang about the march, and catch the infection—the love of glory! And true wisdom thinks of the world's age, and sighs at its slow advance in all that really dignifies man, the truest dignity being the truest love for his fellow. And then hope and a faith in human progress contemplate the pageant, its real ghastliness disguised by outward glare and frippery, and know the day will come when the symbols of war will be as the sacred beasts of old Egypt—things to mark the barbarism of by-gone war; melancholy records of the past perversity of human nature.

We can imagine the deep-chested laughter—the look of scorn that would annihilate, and then the small compassion—of the Man of War, at this, the dream of folly, or the wanderings of an inflamed brain. Yet, oh, man of war! at this very moment are you shrinking, withering, like an aged giant. The fingers of Opinion have been busy at your plumes—you are not the feathered thing you were; and then that little tube, the goose-quill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding ink, even while you look at it and think it shines so brightly, is eating with a tooth of rust into your sword.

That a man should kill a man, and rejoice in the deed—nay gather glory from it—is the act of the wild animal. The force of muscle and dexterity of limb, which make the wild man a con-

queror, are deemed in savage life man's highest attributes. The creature, whom in the pride of our Christianity we call heathen and spiritually desolate, has some personal feeling in the strife—he kills his enemy, and then, making an oven of hot stones, bakes his dead body, and, for crowning satisfaction, eats it. His enemy becomes a part of him; his glory is turned to nutriment; and he is content. What barbarism! Field-marshal's sicken at the horror; nay, troopers shudder at the tale, like a fine lady at a toad.

In what, then, consists the prime evil? In the murder, or the meal? Which is the most hideous deed—to kill a man, or to cook and eat the man when killed?

But softly, there is no murder in the case. The craft of man has made a splendid ceremony of homicide—has invested it with dignity. He slaughters with flags flying, drums beating, trumpets braying. He kills according to method, and has worldly honors for his grim handiwork. He does not, like the unchristian savage, carry away with him mortal trophies from the skulls of his enemies. No; the alchemy or magic of authority turns his well-won scalps into epaulets, or hangs them in stars and crosses at his button-hole: and then, the battle over—the dead not eaten, but carefully buried—and the maimed and mangled howling and blaspheming in hospitals—the meek Christian warrior marches to church, and reverently folding his sweet and spotless hands, sings *Te Deum*. Angels waft his fervent thanks to God, to whose footstool—on his own faith—he has so lately sent his shuddering thousands. And this spirit of destruction working within him is canonized by the craft and ignorance of men, and worshipped as glory!

And this religion of the sword—this dazzling heathenism, that makes a pomp of wickedness—seizes and distracts us, even on the threshold of life. Swords and drums are our baby playthings; the types of violence and destruction are made the pretty pastime of our childhood; and as we grow older, the outward magnificence of the ogre *Glory*—his trappings and his trumpets, his privileges, and the songs that are shouted in his praise—ensnare the bigger baby to his sacrifice. Hence, slaughter becomes an exalted profession; the marked, distinguished employment of what, in the jargon of the world, is called a gentleman.

But for this craft operating upon this ignorance, who—in the name of outraged God—would become the hireling of the Sword? Hodge, poor fellow, enlists. He wants work; or he is idle, dissolute. Kept, by the injustice of the world, as ignorant as the farm-yard swine, he is the better instrument for the world's craft. His ear is tickled with the fife and drum; or he is drunk; or the sergeant—the lying valet of glory—tells a good tale, and already Hodge is a warrior in the rough. In a fortnight's time you may see him at Chatham; or, indeed, he was one of those we marked in Birdcage Walk. Day by day, the sergeant works at the block ploughman, and chipping and chipping, at length carves out a true, handsome soldier of the line. What knew Hodge of the responsibility of man? What dreams had he of the self-accountability of the human spirit? He is become the lackey of carnage, the liveried footman, at a few pence per

day, of fire and blood. The musket-stock, which for many an hour he hugs—hugs in sulks and weariness—was no more a party to its present use, than was Hodge. That piece of walnut is the fragment of a tree which might have given shade and fruit for another century; homely, rustic people gathering under it. Now, it is the instrument of wrong and violence; the working tool of slaughter. Tree and man, are not their destinies as one?

And is Hodge alone of benighted mind? Is he alone deficient of that knowledge of moral right and wrong which really and truly crowns the man, king of himself? When he surrenders up his nature, a mere machine with human pulses, to do the bidding of war, has he taken counsel with his own reflection—does he know the limit of the sacrifice? He has taken the shilling, and knows the facings of his uniform.

When the born and bred gentleman, to keep to coined and current terms, pays down his thousand pounds or so, for his commission, what incites to the purchase? It may be the elegant idleness of the calling; it may be the bullion and glitter of the regimentals; or, devout worshipper, it may be an unquenchable thirst for glory. From the moment that his name stars the Gazette, what does he become? The bond-servant of war. Instantly, he ceases to be a judge between moral right and moral injury. It is his duty not to think but to obey. He has given up, surrendered to another, the freedom of his soul: he has dethroned the majesty of his own will. He must be active in wrong, and see not the injustice: shed blood for craft and usurpation, calling bloodshed valor. He may be made, by the iniquity of those who use him, the burglar and the brigand; but glory calls him pretty names for his prowess, and the wicked weakness of the world shouts and acknowledges them. And is this the true condition of reasonable man? Is it by such means that he best vindicates the greatness of his mission here? Is he, when he most gives up the free motions of his own soul—is he then most glorious?

A few months ago, chance showed us a band of ruffians, who, as it afterward appeared, were intent upon most desperate mischief. They spread themselves over the country, attacking, robbing, and murdering all who fell into their hands. Men, women, and children, all suffered alike. Nor were the villains satisfied with this. In their wanton ruthlessness, they set fire to cottages, and tore up and destroyed plantations. Every footpace of their march was marked with blood and desolation.

Who were these wretches?—you ask. What place did they ravage? Were they not caught, and punished?

They were a part of the army of Africa; valorous Frenchmen, bound for Algiers, to cut Arab throats; and in the name of glory, and for the everlasting honor of France, to burn, pillage, and despoil; and all for national honor—and for glory!

But Glory cannot dazzle Truth. Does it not at times appear no other than a highwayman, with a pistol at a nation's breast? A burglar, with a crow-bar, entering a kingdom. Alas! in this world, there is no Old Bailey for nations.

Otherwise, where would have been the crowned heads that divided Poland? Those felon monarchs, anointed to—steal? It is true, the historian claps the cut-purse conqueror in the dock, and he is tried by a jury of posterity. He is past the verdict, yet is not its damnatory voice lost upon generations. For thus is the world taught—albeit slowly taught—true glory; when that which passed for virtue is truly tested to be vile; when the hero is hauled from the car, and fixed forever in the pillory.

But war brings forth the heroism of the soul: war tests the magnanimity of man. Sweet is the humanity that spares a fallen foe; gracious the compassion that tends his wounds, that brings even a cup of water to his burning lips. Granted. But is there not heroism of a grander mould?—The heroism of forbearance? Is not the humanity that refuses to strike, a nobler virtue than the late pity born of violence? Pretty is it to see the victor with salve and lint kneeling at his bloody trophy—a maimed and agonized fellow-man,—but surely it had been better to withhold the blow, than to have been first mischievous, to be afterward humane.

That nations, professing a belief in Christ, should couple glory with war, is monstrous blasphemy. Their faith, their professing faith, is—"love one another:" their practice is to—cut throats; and more, to bribe and hoodwink men to the wickedness, the trade of blood is magnified into a virtue. We pray against battle, and glorify the deeds of death. We say, beautiful are the ways of peace, and then cocker ourselves upon our perfect doings in the art of man-slaying. Let us then cease to pay the sacrifice of admiration to the demon—War; let us not acknowledge him as a mighty and majestic principle, but, at the very best, a grim and melancholy necessity.

But there always has been—there always will be, war. It is inevitable; it is a part of the condition of human society. Man has always made glory to himself from the destruction of his fellow, and so it will continue. It may be very pitiable; would it were otherwise! But so it is, and there is no helping it.

Happily, we are slowly killing this destructive fallacy. A long breathing-time of peace has been fatal to the dread magnificence of glory. Science and philosophy—*poveda e nuda filosofia!*—have made good their claims, inducing man to believe that he may vindicate the divinity of his nature otherwise than by perpetrating destruction. He begins to think there is a better glory in the communication of triumphs of mind, than in the clash of steel and roar of artillery. At the present moment, a society, embracing men of distant nations—"natural enemies," as the old, wicked cant of the old patriotism had it—is at work, plucking the plumes from Glory, unbracing his armor, and divesting the ogre of all that dazzled foolish and unthinking men, showing the rascal in his natural hideousness, in all his base deformity. Some, too, are calculating the cost of Glory's table: some showing what an appetite the demon has, devouring at a meal the substance of ten thousand sons of industry—yea, eating up the wealth of kingdoms. And thus, by degrees, are men beginning to look upon this god, Glory,

as no more than a finely-trapped Sawney Bean,—a monster and a destroyer—a nuisance; a noisy lie.

## LUCY DUTTON,

### THE WRONGED AND DESERTED MAIDEN.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

It was an October morning, warm and sunny, but with even its sunshine subdued into a mournful softness, and its gorgeous drapery chastened by a touch of the dreamy atmosphere into a sympathy with sorrow. And there was sorrowing one who needed sympathy on that still, holy morning—the sympathy of the great Heart which beaute in Nature's bosom—for she could hope no other. Poor Lucy Dutton!

There was a funeral that morning—a stranger would have judged by the gathering that the great man of the village was dead, and all that crowd had come out to do his ashes honor—but it was not so. Yet the little, old-fashioned church was filled to overflowing. Some there were who turned their eyes devoutly to the holy man that occupied the sacred desk, receiving from his lips the words of life; some looked upon the little coffin that had stood covered with its black pall upon a table directly below him, and perhaps thought of their own mortality, or that of their bright little ones; while many, very many, gazed with cold curiosity at the solitary mourner occupying the front pew. This was a young creature, in the very spring-time of life, a frail, erring being, whose only hope was in Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more." There was a weight of shame upon her head, and wo upon her heart, that, together, made the poor bereaved young mother cover almost to the earth before the prying eyes that came to look upon her in her distressing humiliation. Oh! it was a pitiful sight! that crushed, helpless creature's agony.

But the year before, and this same lone mourner was considered a sweet, beautiful child, whom everybody was bound to protect and love; because, but that she was the pet lamb of a doting old woman, she was without friend and protector. Lucy Dutton was the last blossom upon a tree which had boasted many fair ones. When the grave opened to one after another of that doomed family, till none but this bright, beautiful bud was left, she became the all in all, and with the doting affection of age was she cherished. When poverty came to Granny Dutton's threshold she drew her one priceless jewel to her heart, and laughed at poverty. When sorrows of every kind compassed her about, and the sun went down in her heaven of hope, another rose in a holier heaven of love; and Lucy Dutton was this fountain of love-born light. The old lady and her pretty darling occupied a small, neat cottage at the foot of the hill, with a garden attached to it, in which the child fitted all day long, like a glad spirit among the flowers. And, next to her child-idol, the simple-hearted old lady loved those flowers, with a love which pure natures ever bear to the beautiful. It was by these, and the fruit produced by the little garden, that

the twain lived. Many a fine carriage drew up before the door of the humble cottage, and bright ladies and dashing gentlemen sauntered beneath the shade, while the rosy fingers of Lucy adjusted bouquets for them, her bright lips wreathed with smiles, and her sunny eye turning to her grandmother at the placing of every stem, as though for approbation of her taste. Not a child in all the neighborhood was so happy as Lucy; not a child in all the neighborhood was so beautiful, so gentle, and so good. And nobody ever thought of her as any thing but a child. Though she grew to the height of her tallest geranium, and her form assumed womanly proportions, nobody, not even the rustic beaux around her, thought of her as any thing but a child. Lucy was so artless, and loved her dear grandmother so truly, that the two were somehow connected in people's minds, and it seemed as impossible that the girl should grow older, as that the old lady should grow younger.

Lucy was just booked for fifteen, with the seal of innocence upon her heart, and a rose-leaf on her cheek, when "the Hermann property," a fine summer residence that had been for years unoccupied, was purchased by a widow lady from the metropolis. She came down early in the spring, accompanied by her only son, to visit her new possessions, and, finding the spot exceedingly pleasant, she determined to remain there. And so Lucy met the young metropolitan; and Lucy was beautiful, and trusting, and thoughtless; and he was gay, selfish, and profligate. Needs the story to be told?

When the Howards went away, Lucy awoke from her dream. She looked about her, and upon herself, with the veil taken from her eyes; and then she turned from all she had ever loved, for, in the breaking up of those dreams, was broken poor Lucy's heart.

Nay, censor, Lucy was a child—consider how very young, how very untaught—oh! her innocence was no match for the sophistry of a gay city youth! And young Howard stole her unthinking heart the first day he looked in to purchase a bouquet. Poor, poor Lucy!

Before the autumn leaves fell, Granny Dutton's bright pet knelt in her little chamber, and upon her mother's grave, and down by the river-side, where she had last met Justin Howard, and prayed for death. Sweet, joyous Lucy Dutton, asking to lay her bright head in the grave! Spring came, and shame was stamped upon the cottage at the foot of the hill. Lucy bowed her head upon her bosom, and refused to look upon any thing but her baby; and the old lady shrunk like a shriveled leaf before this last and greatest of her troubles. The neighborhood had its usual gossip. There were taunts, and sneers, and coarse jests, and remarks severely true, but only a little, a very little, pity. Lucy bore all this well, for she knew that it was deserved; but she had worse than this to bear. Every day she knelt by the bed of the one being who had doted upon her from infancy, and begged her blessing, but in vain.

"Oh! that I had laid you in the coffin, with your dead mother, when all around me said that the breath had passed from you!" was the unvarying reply; "then my gray hairs might have

gone down to the grave without dishonor from the child that I took from the gate of death, and bore for years upon my bosom. Would you had died, Lucy!"

And Lucy would turn away her head, and, in the bitterness of her heart, echo, "Ay! would that I had died!" Then she would take her baby in her arms, and, while the scalding tears bathed its unconscious face, pray God to forgive the wicked wish, and preserve her life for the sake of this sinless heir to shame. And sometimes Lucy would smile—not that calm, holy smile which usually lingers about an infant's cradle, but a faint, sickly play of the love-light within, as though the mother's fond heart was ashamed of its throbbings. But, before the autumn passed, Lucy Dutton was fearfully stricken. Death came! She laid her last comfort from her bosom into the coffin, and they were now bearing it to the grave; she the only mourner. It mattered but little that the grandmother's forgiveness and blessing came now; Lucy scarce knew the difference between these words and those before spoken; and most earnestly did she answer, "Would, would that I had died!" Poor, poor Lucy!

She sat all through the sermon and the singing and the prayer, with her head bowed upon the side of the pew; and when at last they bore the coffin to the door, and the congregation began to move forward, she did not raise it until the kind clergyman came and led her out to take a last look at her dead boy. Then she laid her thin, pale face against his within the coffin, and sobbed aloud. And now some began to pity the stricken girl, and whisper to their neighbors that she was more sinned against than sinning. Still none came forward to whisper the little word which might have been healing, but the holy man whose duty it was. He took her almost forcibly from the infant clay, and strove to calm her, while careless eyes came to look upon that dearer to her than her own heart's blood. Finally, curiosity was satisfied; they closed the coffin, screwed down the lid, spread the black cloth over it, and the procession began to form. Minister Green left the side of the mourner, and took his station in advance, accompanied by some half dozen others; then four men followed, bearing the light coffin in their hands, and all eyes were turned upon the mourner. She did not move.

"Pass on, madam," said Squire Field, who always acted the part of marshal on such occasions, and, though little given to the weakness of feeling, he now softened his voice as much as it would bear softening. "This way—eight behind the—the—pass on!"

Lucy hesitated a moment, and many a generous one longed to step forward and give her an arm, but selfish prudence forbade. One bright girl, who had been Lucy's playmate from the cradle, but had not seen her face for many months, drew impulsively toward her; but she met a reproving eye from the crowd, and only whispering, "I do pity you, Lucy!" she shrunk back, and sobbed almost as loud as her erring friend. Lucy started at the words, and gazing wildly around her, tottered on after the coffin. Loud, and slow, and fearfully solemn, stroke after stroke, the old church-bell doled forth its tale; and slowly and solemnly the crowd moved on with a measured



tread; though there was many a careless eye and many a smiling lip, turning to other eyes and other lips, with something like a jest between them. On moved the crowd after the mourner: while she, with irregular, labored step, her arms crossed on her bosom, and her head bent to the same resting-place, just kept pace with the bearers of her dead boy. Winding through the opened gate into the church-yard, they went trailing slowly through the long dead grass, while some of the children crept slyly from the procession to pick the tufts of scarlet and yellow leaves, which made this place of graves strangely gay; and several young people wandered off, arm in arm, pausing as they went to read the rude inscriptions lettered on the stones. On went the procession, away to the farthest corner, where slept the stranger and the vagabond. Here a little grave had been dug, and the coffin was now set down beside it, while the long procession circled slowly round. Several went up and looked into the dark, damp cradle of the dead child; one observed to his neighbor that it was very shallow; and another said that Tom Jones always slighted his work when there was nobody to see to it; anyhow, it was not much matter, the child would stay buried; and another let drop a jest, a hard but not very witty one, though it was followed by a smothered laugh. All this passed quietly, nothing was spoken above a low murmur, but Lucy heard it all, and as she heard and remembered, what a repulsive thing seemed to her the human heart! Poor Lucy Dutton!

Minister Green stood at the head of the grave and said a prayer, while Lucy leaned against a sickly looking tree, alone, and pressed her cold hands against her temples, and wondered if she should ever pray again—if God would hear her if she should. Then they laid the little coffin upon ropes and gently lowered it. The grave was too short, or the men were careless, for there was a harsh grating against the hard earth, which made Lucy start and extend her arms, but she instantly recollected herself, and, clasping both hands tightly over her mouth, lest her agony should make itself heard, she tried to stand calmly. Then a handful of straw was thrown upon the coffin, and immediately a shovelful of earth followed. Oh! that first sinking of the cold clod upon the bosom we have loved! What a fearful, shivering sensation does it send to the heart and along the veins! And then the benumbing faintness which follows, as though our own breath were struggling up through that damp covering of earth! Lucy gasped and staggered, and then she twined her arm about the body of the little tree, and laid her cheek against its rough bark, and strove hard to keep herself from falling.

Some thought the men were very long in filling up the grave, but Lucy thought nothing about it. She did not, after that first shovelful, hear the earth as it fell; and when, after all was done and the sods of withered grass had been laid on, Minister Green came to tell her, she did not at first hear his voice. When she did, she pushed back the hair from her hollow temples, looked vacantly into his face, and shook her head. Others came up to her—a good-natured man who had been kind to her grandmother; then the deacon's

wife, followed by two or three other women; but Lucy only smiled and shook her head. Glances full of troubled mystery passed from one to another; there was an alarmed look on many faces, which those more distant seemed to comprehend; and still others came to speak to Lucy. It was useless—she could find no meaning in their words—the star of intellect had gone out—the temple was darkened. Poor, poor Lucy Dutton!

They bore her home—for she was passive and helpless—home to the sick old grandmother, who laid her withered hand on those bright locks, and kissed the cold cheek, and took her to her bosom, as though she had been an infant. And Lucy smiled, and talked of playing by the brook, and chasing the runaway bees, and of toys for her baby-house, and wondered why they were all weeping, particularly dear grandmamma, who ought to be so happy. But this lasted only a few days, and then another grave was made, and yet another, in the poor's corner; and the grandmother and her shattered idol slept together. The grave is a blessed couch and pillow to the wretched. Rest thee there, poor Lucy!

## THE NUN'S FOOT.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE ROVER.

"Oh! we pray you, Father Djirdjes, tell us a story. The snow has fallen in such abundance, and it is so cold, that our mother was unwilling to take us to the party given by our young friends. Come! Father Djirdjes, you who love a blazing fire, see how the flame sparkles on the hearth." The young girls overwhelmed the monk with so many ardent and pressing solicitations, that he was at last obliged to yield to their demand.

"Well! I will satisfy you. The tale of a *religieuse* of the convent of Saint Nicholas has just come to mind; it is of great antiquity, and the events it describes took place at a time in which the Muscovite nation, little learned in the practices of Christianity, had not been able to strip themselves entirely of their barbarous manners. But you will find in it a frightful example of the punishment with which God visits those who profane the grave. Your mother can also derive great benefit from this legend, which will be of service in your instruction."

"Commence, commence, Father Djirdjes!" cried they in one voice.

"Laurent was a man known to all the inhabitants of Moscow, on account of his great wealth and the pomp and ostentation with which he spent it. He daily invented new feasts, to which he invited all the rich men in the city.

"In vain did his wife make the most humble representations to him, as she saw their fortune being dissipated in useless prodigality; in vain did she speak of the future life of their daughter Helen, which should be provided for; Laurent would listen to nothing, and answered that his fortune was imperishable, and that moreover his honor forbade him to restrain the luxury of his house, under pain of being made the butt of the

sarcasms of his numerous friends who would accuse him of avarice. He therefore continued giving sumptuous feasts, but the predictions of his wife were soon realized. After having successively sold all his lands to keep up appearances, he was forced to dispose of the house itself; and to escape the mockery he so much feared, he retired to a small estate which he owned in the suburbs of the city. It was no more, properly speaking, than a poor hut, surrounded by about an acre of land, with several trees and a few planted patches.

Helen, having grown up, was exceedingly handsome; nor were her rare and precious qualities less remarkable. Her mother had moreover strictly attached herself to developing in her heart religious sentiments and resignation to the will of Providence; for, as I have mentioned, she had long foreseen days of suffering and misery. These two women found in sweet piety salutary consolations in misfortune, and were endowed with renewed strength to accept and accomplish with courage the duties of their situation. While Laurent employed all his time in deploring his ruin, and gave himself up to useless and inexhaustible regret, Helen had already initiated herself in the labors of the household. She had soon learned to spin hemp, to draw water at the fountain which lay among the ruins of an old monastery, to wash and spread the clothes of her parents in the sun to dry, and to collect fruit and vegetables for their meals. She defended, as well as it was in her power, her pretty hands from the rude attempts at labor; and God, my children, who protects those who are resigned in misfortune had preserved her hands in all their fair freshness. The evening conversations were devoted to pious tales related by the mother in order to perfect Helen in her education. Often, on contemplating the courage of these two women, Laurent felt the greatest remorse. How could he now bestow his daughter in marriage? The family was therefore about to be entirely extinguished in poverty and isolation! Helen, whose hand in the days of their opulence was sought after by the wealthiest and most renowned princes, would doubtless marry some peasant! No! cried he, I will not undergo such a degree of humiliation. I will work; I will find means to reconquer my fortune and to realize the bright dreams that I have made for the future life of my dear child!

"From an immense fortune, this family had fallen into a precarious mediocrity; but soon, alas! they were to be better acquainted with want. The mother was attacked with a cruel disease and the cares that her condition exacted, used up in a short time their last resources. The poor wife, had seen the gifts of Laurent's love, that she had received in happier days, sold one by one; first her diamonds, next her shawls, then even her smallest jewels. The youthful Helen cast off with joy all that could recall the remembrance of their former splendor; these sacrifices were made happily. Were they not to ease the sufferings of her mother? she loved her so much! Both night and day she was continually near her watching the slightest sign that could reveal a want to be satisfied or a sorrow to be appeased. To add to their misfortune, the

winter of that year had set in with more severity than usual; the snow fell in abundance, and the cold penetrated on all sides their miserably closed hut. What despair was the mother in as she felt that in dying she abandoned her daughter to the capricious and awkward management of Laurent! moreover was she likely to survive? The extraordinary fatigue she had imposed upon herself had already driven from her face the brilliant complexion of youth and health; devouring pain had traced its furrows upon her cheeks; her eyes became hollow and dull, and only regained their brilliancy when a movement of the patient caused Helen to fear renewed suffering. Notwithstanding the bitterness of the season, in order to protect her mother from the cold, the young girl stripped herself of her clothes; and when Laurent, seeing her bluish limbs, asked if she did not suffer with cold, she would point to her mother, whose body trembled, agitated with the shudderings of fever. For several days the patient had taken no nourishment and the fire of the fever was gradually consuming her; but when the pain began to give way, she felt the necessity of food. At the uneasiness that Laurent's face betrayed when she manifested this desire, she understood that all their provisions were gone; then, stretching out her fleshless hand to her husband, she said: 'I believe, Laurent, that my sickness will soon be over; if I have some wholesome nourishment, I am saved. Therefore take my wedding ring from my finger; sell it at Moscow, and with the money that you obtain for it, buy some meat. Go, my friend; you see poor Helen prostrated with fatigue; food will strengthen her.' Laurent gently drew the wedding ring from his wife's finger and left the room without awakening Helen, for the purpose of executing the commission which had just been imposed upon him.

"The anguish of misery had not been able to eradicate from Laurent the vanity he had contracted at the time of their wealth. He did not hesitate for a moment when his wife had spoken, but as he gradually approached the city he cast a restless glance around him; he viewed with horror his old and tattered clothing; he trembled, fearing to meet one of his old friends, who would assuredly commiserate him on his wretched condition. Had he the courage to enter a jewelry shop to sell his wedding-ring himself? It was, however, necessary for the preservation of his wife. He therefore glided along the streets in the least frequented quarters of the city, concealing himself from every eye, with his head bent, like a criminal who having committed a bad action flies the sight of man. At last he arrived at a jeweler's, and hastily disposed of the ring for the price offered him by the merchant. He resolved to purchase the meat in the suburbs of the city in order not to be obliged to carry it a long distance. But as he moved toward the gate, he met on his way a funeral procession. Obligated to stop to let it pass, he learned that it was a young nun who had died suddenly that morning; and when the coffin passed by him, he saw the still fresh countenance of the nun, who seemed but asleep. The sorrow of the persons who followed in train was very great. The poor gave free vent to their tears; for sister Elizabeth had been to them a mother—the protectress of the indigent.

It was doubtless to give her the recompense due to her virtues that God had called her to him so suddenly, when youth and health seemed to promise her many more years.

"The procession had passed, and Laurent recalled by this sorrowful scene to the thoughts of the unhappy condition of his family, was about to continue his route being in haste to arrive, when a hand tapped him on the shoulder, and he heard several voices call him by name; he turned and perceived a number of his old friends, who with joyful countenances, and smiling lips, asked the cause of his long absence. They barely gave him time to answer, and already two of them had taken him by the arms and were dragging him along, telling him that he must certainly join the festival they were about to give. Laurent wished to resist: 'How,' said they, 'do you now retreat from a pleasure party?' Laurent, once the gayest and most resolute host of the merry makers, now refuses the invitation of his friends! 'Certainly, under any other circumstances, I would willingly accept; but—' 'No excuse, you are one of us—live pleasure!' Laurent no longer made any feeble efforts to disengage himself, and soon entirely converted by his friends, who continually touched his vanity, willingly joined them and followed them without remorse into the banqueting room.

"The feast was long and intoxicating to all those participating in it. But while Laurent and his friends were drinking to pleasure and all the foolish joys of the world, the most lively uneasiness had seized the sick woman. Laurent, bewildered by the wine, had forgotten her, and remorselessly mingled his voice with songs of the drinkers. In the meantime, Helen, recovered from the state of numbness into which she had been thrown, drew near the fire to warm herself; but she found it extinguished, and there was no more wood: she cast around her a sorrowful glance to ask some of her father—her father was absent; her father was eating, drinking, and rejoicing at the recovering of the cherished hours of his magnificent feasts, without troubling himself about the sufferings of his family. When the repast was ended, it was necessary to pay; though Laurent's friends did not wish him to share the expense, yet they were obliged to ask him for some money, as they had not enough. Laurent overcome by his prodigal habits, gayly drew out his purse and emptied it on the table. His friends, delighted, filled their glasses in his honor, and coupled his name a hundred times with the most uproarious huzzas. After this triumph, as night was fast approaching, the guests separated with the promise to return again to their joyous meetings.

"Laurent stole furtively away and traced his steps toward his hut. The first night air dissipated the fumes of the wine which clouded his brain and he was struck as if by lightning, with the thoughts of his horrible situation. His wife awaited him since morning; she expected to regain her health, thanks to the meat he was to buy! But might she not have died for want of nourishment? If she yet lived how was he to answer that terrible question, 'Have you brought any meat?' And Helen—how could she resist hunger? was she not also sick? These sorrow-

ful reflections, rapidly succeeding each other, overcame him; he felt himself about to sink, and hid his face in his hands, as if to drive from his sight the thoughts of his misery. What was he to do? A melancholy despair seized on his soul. Suddenly he raised his head, and a prey to the most violent delirium, with baggard eyes, he rushed forward, unconscious what course he was taking; but he struck his foot against a stone, he fell, he arose, and perceived that he was in the grave-yard of the city. The earth, near him, had been recently removed. It is the nun's tomb! cried he. A frightful idea then crossed his mind. She had died suddenly; she had been buried but a few hours; her flesh was yet wholesome! He precipitated himself on the grave and rapidly dug up the ground with his nails: 'No! my wife shall not die! No, Helen, my dear child, thou shalt escape the gnawings of hunger! God forgive me! I cannot see my family die with my arms twisted in useless despair.' He has attained the body, he seizes it, and strips it; and soon he fled, and arrived breathless at the hut.

"Immediately on entering he informed his wife that imperious circumstances had detained him, without his consent, at the city, but that he had brought the meat. He ran around the hut, unwilling to lay down the bundle he held in his hands; he hastily snatches up some wood, kindles the fire and places the meat in a pot upon it. His wife noticed his embarrassment; but she attributed it to the long walk he had taken, to the uneasiness that tormented him. A few hours after she took a salutary food by which she recovered her strength; young Helen also ate of the meat; but her father refused to partake of the repast; he retired early, pretending he had need of sleep. Health soon returned to the mother; the young girl enjoyed once more all the charms of youth; Laurent alone was suffering with terrible anguish which blanched his cheeks and furrowed his brow. A frightful dream turned his hair white in one night; he saw the lame nun carry off from him both his wife and daughter, whom he endeavored in vain to retain by prayers and tears. Yet, though his wife's parents had sent him succor, he sunk dayly beneath the load of increasing suffering.

"A few months after recovery, the mother died suddenly, and Laurent's terror became greater. But Helen, whose beauty had wonderfully increased, was demanded in marriage by a neighboring lord. Laurent, proud of such an alliance, immediately consented. The joys of pride soon brought back his former *insouciance*. Fortune and all the delights of an easy life were about to return! He already thought of inviting his friends to the wedding of his daughter, to make them acquainted with his son-in-law, and as an occasion to meet in new banquets. These expectations of happiness caused him to forget the frightful events that had followed that feast to which he had been drawn, the gloomy dream that had overcome him and the death of his wife. He gave himself up entirely to his new projects of wealth. But God, to whom crimes are never blotted out till after their punishment, did not permit Laurent to see those days of prosperity which were smiling upon him.

"The day before that on which the marriage

was to take place, young Helen went at the setting of the sun to draw water at the fountain, for she wished herself to prepare the cake intended for the persons invited to the wedding. In order to reach the spring she was obliged to traverse the galleries of a ruined monastery, and the place, feebly illuminated by the twilight disposed the soul to a religious terror. As Helen entered the gallery, which led to the stream, she perceived at the opposite extremity, a woman seated on a stone. She was dressed in white, her head was bent and she appeared to be absorbed in a profound meditation. Helen, on seeing her, felt a slight shudder creep through her frame; she stopped for a moment; then as if ashamed of her fear, she advanced toward the mysterious woman, thinking it might be some unfortunate being who needed her aid. When she was in front of her, the woman lifted her head; a silver cross suspended by a black ribbon, glistened on her breast; her face was radiant with mildness and serenity. Helen supposed her to be a nun.

"My child," said the *religieuse*, "in order to reach this place I have walked much; I am greatly fatigued and thirsty; will you allow me to drink from your pitcher?"

"Willingly, madame," replied the young girl. "I will fill it at the fountain, and bring you drink."

"She descended, in fact, to the stream, filled her pitcher and returned to the nun. The latter drank and then said:

"Are you happy, my child, at home?"

"Alas! madam, since my mother is dead, I am very lonely: but my father is about to marry me to-morrow, to a rich lord, and has promised me that my husband will make me happy!"

"Oh! my child, if you would go with me, I would take you to a home where you would be at rest from all suffering and want—where you could once more see your mother, and where you would marry a lord richer than the one to whom you are betrothed; a king, powerful in mercy and goodness."

"I would wish to follow you; your voice is so sweet, your countenance bespeaks so much benevolence; I think I could be happy with you; but I cannot leave my father, and resist a union which will renew our family's former splendor."

"'Tis well!"—The nun was for a moment silent, then she continued: "Helen, I am very tired; do me the favor to wash my feet."

"The young girl, obeying a supernatural impulse, consented to the nun's request; she knelt and commenced washing her right foot. When she had finished, perceiving that the nun looked at her fixedly, forgetting to offer her the left foot, she said timidly, 'The other, madam.'

"The other!" replied the nun, inclining her head toward her, the other! She arose and uttered in a mournful voice, 'You have eaten it.'

"I!" cried the young girl, with astonishment.

"Yes, you! Your father dug me from my grave: he severed my leg and gave it to your mother and yourself to eat. Helen, remember, that since you have eaten of my flesh, you are mine. To-night, do you hear? to-night, you will arise, dress yourself in white, and repair to the convent of St. Nicholas. You will enter the chapel, and take the vow before the image of St.

Elizabeth. God wills it thus; and you must obey.' After saying this the nun disappeared.

"Helen remained long prostrated and struck with mortal fear. She arose at last, and returned to the hut. She had scarcely entered, before she asked her father's permission to retire; but it was impossible to sleep. When she supposed her father and all those in the house asleep, she arose, dressed herself as a nun, and started courageously for the convent of St. Nicholas. When she had accomplished the will of the nun, the superior of the convent entered the chapel, and extending her hand to her: 'Come, sister Helen,' said she; 'I have been awaiting you, for St. Elizabeth appeared this night to me in a dream, and informed me of your arrival.' 'God's will be done,' replied Helen; and she followed the superior. She remained in the convent, where she was remarkable among all for her virtue and piety.

"As to Laurent, when he perceived on the following morning the departure of Helen from the paternal home, he was seized with so violent a fit of anger at seeing all his hopes of a future fortune forever blasted, that he fell dead, blaspheming the name of God. His soul was cast into hell, where it found too late, the danger of preferring pleasures and feasts to the sincere practice of religion.

"Now," said the monk, addressing the terrified girls, "I must retire. I hope that this tale may not only frighten you, but that it may aid in developing in your hearts, that love for religion, which sustains and guides man as well in the bosom of prosperity as in the day of adversity."

T. J. S., JR.

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WE are obliged to the author for the following happy sketch, and assure him that we shall be at all times pleased to hear from him in a similar manner. It is a style of composition that we are particularly pleased with; and if our readers are occasionally led astray by Deception, let them not be backward, when they have discovered their error, to seek at once the advice and assistance of Virtue.]

### THE CAREER OF AMBITION,

ACCOMPANIED BY GENIUS.

AN ALLEGORY, DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE WALK OF LIFE.

BY W. PATTERSON CANTWELL.

AMBITION was a little boy; his parents were Perseverance and Industry. His father, upon his death-bed, said to him, "My son, you are young, very young; you are about to encounter the troubles and vicissitudes of a busy and deceitful world; you are already wise above what is to be expected from your years; increase in wisdom. I wish you to rise above the petty inhabitants of the world; mingle with them though, as it is necessary; be not haughty in your manner, on the contrary, treat all with suavity and kindness. My child," continued the sick father, "there is in a foreign land, situated in a most beautiful spot, a palace which is named 'The palace of Eminence.' This was mine by right of inheritance, but designing men removed it from me. I have ever since held a determination of regaining it, and of showing the proud usurpers what Perseverance could do. The hand of death will



shortly drain the life-blood from my veins; I have no permission from the Fates to think longer of accomplishing my purpose through myself, but you are my flesh and blood; to you I commit the undertaking, prize it,—preserve it. Nothing but death itself can destroy you, my Ambition, my darling son."

Having spoken this, he strained the child to his breast, fell back and died. Industry stood by; she spoke not, but she saw and wept heavily. Ambition stood firm; not a tear placed itself upon his blooming cheek, for his mind was full of his father's trust and words. He scarcely felt that death had done its work. He folded his arms proudly, and said, "I know, I know, and I will not shrink." Ambition forgot not his business. One bright morning, having taken an affectionate farewell of his mother, Industry, he sallied forth. The broad way of life laid before him, and he entered it with joyful prospects. He did not long struggle alone; a youth of elegant appearance and polished manners joined him, and he learned that his name was Genius. Ambition and Genius soon were walking arm-in-arm, and each discovered that his road was much more easily got over in company with the other, than had he been alone. Genius, however, was exceedingly volatile in his deportment, and frequently turned aside from the regular path, much to the mortification of his friend, who impelled by his love, invariably followed. Thus they traveled onward, and thus they discoursed together:

"My dear friend," said Ambition, "our way is hard and rough."

"True," answered the other, "but consider that we go together, and what one could in no wise do, both are able to accomplish."

"You speak properly," rejoined the former, "and I am satisfied that I never would have come thus far on my journey, had it not been for your assistance and company."

"And well assured am I," said Genius, "that your remark can equally well be applied to myself."

"Well then," replied Ambition, "let us go hand in hand to our destination, since it is evident to both of us, that together, it is in our power to overcome surprising difficulties, but separated, we should labor almost in vain; you shall share with me, my friend, in the sumptuousness found within the walls of 'the palace of Eminence.'"

"Words," answered Genius, feelingly, "cannot express my gratitude; but methinks, it would be advisable to procure other help-meets, if it so happens that we may discover those worthy and suitable to be such."

Ambition agreed to this proposal, and the twain proceeded, inspired with new vigor. They soon saw, seated by the side of a pleasant brook, which meandered through a meadow of the most beautiful verdure, whose limpid waters sent forth their gentle murmur to the balmy breeze, as they rushed swiftly round the minute promontory which jutted forth into its bosom, a woman of elegant, yet singular appearance. To attempt a description of her, would be useless and vain; for no pen could write, no pencil could paint, no tongue could tell, her manner, her gait, her every

movement. The travelers being struck, addressing her, inquired respecting their journey.

"'Tis long enough," she replied, in accents the most silvery-toned, "'tis long enough, and 'tis weary too; but I can guard you safely to your haven, will you but trust in me."

"Your name?" asked the young men.

"They call me," said she, "Virtue."

Ambition pouted; Genius shrugged his shoulders.

"I have heard your fame," said the former, after a pause. "Many things, doubtless, are at your command, but I imagine that you are not able to effect *our* purpose."

"Then it must be an unworthy one," she answered, "and with such I will have nothing to do; farewell!"

She turned and departed. They walked away from the brook, and grief was at their hearts, for they bethought themselves that they had acted over hastily.

"Behold!" said Genius, suddenly, "who is here?"

Ambition looked and saw another female, having an appearance decidedly different from that of Virtue. Her name was Deception. She was gaudily dressed, and spoke nought but flattery. Our strangers, however, were captivated by her, and she promised them access to the "temple of Eminence."

"Follow my counsels," said she, "for my votaries never fail in the attainment of their desires."

She introduced the youthful adventurers to many of her gossips and friends, like unto herself. On account of all this, they made but little progress in their undertaking. They were either lying all day long, in company with Intoxication, or were dancing and carousing with some others. Thus passed a long space of time, till at length, having become aware of their situation, they determined to leave their evil ways, and once more seek Virtue, and if possible, obtain her patronage. But Deception called loudly upon them to return to her, promising to accomplish for them, at once, what she had so long delayed. Being deaf, however, to her entreaties, they pursued their course, and came again to the little brook, where at a former period, they met Virtue. Here she was still. She accosted them with a smile of evident satisfaction, saying, "dear friends, once more do I behold you; you have returned to the embrace of Virtue; prosper, and be happy."

She led them on, and as if by magic, transported them in a time incredibly short, to the gates of "the palace of Eminence." Ambition entered the halls of his ancestors, bade the usurpers depart, and, together with his friend Genius, spent long years of happiness. Ambition would never have procured his possession, without the companionship of Genius; Genius could not possibly have attained to eminence alone. Ambition aided him; finally, neither could have effected aught, without the direction of Virtue.

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SCANDAL is the sport of its authors, the dread of fools, and the contempt of the wise.

## THE GREAT WESTERN AND THE SEA-SERPENT.

THE morning was fine, the sky was clear,  
The wind was music to the ear,  
As the Great Western, with ne'er so much steam on,  
Left the dock, and went puffing to sea like a demon.  
The captain stood on the quarter-deck,  
When far to the windward he saw a speck;  
It seemed to move—a head—a tail—  
And yet it looked not "like a whale."  
Nearer it came, and what should it be  
But the great Sea-Serpent—none but he;  
He came alongside—he hailed the ship—  
The captain gave him a civil tip.  
And said, "Pray what does your snakeship here?  
You're rather too far at sea I fear."  
"Captain, I'll own that I'm out of place,  
I have only come to challenge a race;  
The fastest ship that ever was seen  
Can I outrun—I beat the Queen  
On a time, and that Liverpool craft  
I always did leave a long way at;  
And I will bet you TEN to ONE,  
That I beat your ship in a six hours' run."  
"Done!" said the Captain. The Serpent said "Done!"  
And now we will have a little fun,  
But we'll have no writing, for "done" and "done"  
Is enough between two gentlemen,  
So I will start off, if you say when,"  
The Captain then the signal gave,  
The Serpent parted the briny wave,  
Fire burned in his glaring eye,  
His grisly head he lifted high,  
Stately uprose his sinewy tail,  
And brightly shone each glittering scale;  
He jumped and frisked and lashed about,  
What a rumpus he kicked at setting out;  
Away he swam—he almost flew—  
And soon was nearly hid to view,  
And nothing, save a little speck,  
Could just be seen from the fore-castle deck.  
The steam was up—the paddles went round,  
And lightly our ship o'er each wave did bound;  
But fully three hours passed away,  
And still the serpent kept us at play.  
And then the Captain was heard to say,  
"I fear there will be the deuce to pay,  
Besides the New Yorkers will neither and bore us  
If that old devil should get there before us."  
The fourth hour came—he slackened his pace,  
The aspect of things wore a better face;  
Fast we gained on the tired snake  
And soon overhauled the serpent's wake.  
The fire waxed dim in that once bright eye  
And that tail he so vainly had lifted high,  
Was fallen quite—and he seemed to burn  
With rage as we gently dropped him astern;  
And then, o'ercome with toil and heat,  
"Captain," said he—"I'm fairly beat."  
"Well then, old fellow, down with your dust!"  
"But Captain, do give us a little trust!"  
"Oh no, my good snake, ne'er do that I can  
For I am a thorough hard currency man."  
"Well then, if I must, I will pay for this prank,  
So here is my check on the Newfoundland Bank."

## ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S "FIRST LOVE."

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ENORMOUS READER! were you ever in Clare castle! 'Tis as vile a hole in the shape of a barrack—as odious a combination of stone, mortar, and rough-cast, as ever the queen—God bless her!—put a regiment of the line into. There is most

delightful fishing out of the windows—charming shooting at the sparrows that build in the eaves of the houses, and most elegant hunting. If you have a terrier, you may bag twenty brace of rats in a forenoon. If a person is fond of drawing, he has water scenery above the bridge, and water scenery below the bridge, with turf-boats and wild ducks, and two or three schooners with coals, and mud in abundance when the tide is out, and beautiful banks sloping to the water, with charming brown potato gardens and ever-green bushes. When tired of this combination of natural beauties, you may turn to the city of Clare, luxuriant in dung and pigs, and take a view of the Protestant school-house without a roof, and the parish clergyman's handsome lewelly white-washed kennel—by the same token, his was the best pack of hounds I ever saw—and the priest's neat cottage at the back of the public house, where the best *potteen* in the country was to be had. Then in the distance is *not* to be seen the neighboring abbey of Quin, which presents splendid remains of Gothic architecture; but I can only say from what I have heard, as the hill of Dundrennan happens to intervene between our citadel and the abbey. Ennis, too, in the distance, I am told, would be a fine maritime town, if it had good houses and was nearer the sea, and had trade and some respectable people in it, and a good neighborhood. Mr. O'Connell thinks a canal from it to Clare would improve it—and I think the "tribute money" might be advantageously laid out in shares in the said canal. This is only a surmise of my own, judging of what I saw from my barrack-window in Clare castle—for, during the six blessed weeks I spent there, from five o'clock on Ash Wednesday evening, till six o'clock on Good Friday morning, my nose, which is none of the longest, never projected its own length beyond the barrack-gate. The reason of my not visiting the chief city of Clare-shire was also sufficient to prevent me exploring the remains at Quin: and was simply this—Colonel Gauntlet had given positive orders to Captain Vernon, who commanded the company, not to permit Ensign O'Donoghue, on any pretence, to leave the castle.

I was a lad of about seventeen then, and had but a short time before got a commission in the Royal Irish, by raising recruits—which was done in rather an ingenious manner by my old nurse, Judy M'Leary. She got some thirty or forty of the Ballybeg hurlers, seven of whom were her own sons—lads that would have cropped an exciseman, or put a tithe-proctor "to keep" in a bog-hole, as soon as they would have peeled a potato, or sooner. Nurse Judy got the boys together—made them blind drunk—locked them up in the barn—made them "drunk again," next morning—enlisted them all before my father, who was a justice of the peace—and a recruiting-sergeant who was at the house, marched them all off ("drunk still") to the county town. They were all soldiers before they came to their senses, and I was recommended for an ensigny. My heroes remained quiet for a day or two, having plenty of eating and drinking; but swearing, by all the saints in the Almanack, that the Ballybeg boys were, out and out, the tip-top of the country, and would "bate the Curnel, ay, and the

General, with the garrison to back him to boot, if Master Con would only crook his finger and whistle." We were ordered to march to Limerick, which part of the country it did not appear that my recruits liked, for the following Sunday they were all back again playing hurley at Ballybeg.

But to return. I was, as I said before, an ensign in the Royal Irish, and strutting as proud as a peacock, about the streets of Limerick. To be sure, how I ogled the darlings as they tripped along, and how they used to titter when I gave them a sly look! I was asked to all sorts of parties, as the officers were—save the mark!—so genteel! We had dinner-parties, and tea-parties, and dancing parties, and parties up the river to Castle Connel, and pic-nics down the river to Carrick Gunnel, and dry drums; in short, the frolicking lads of the Eighteenth never lived in such clover. Three parsons, or rather, I should say, their wives, sundry doctors, the wine merchants, and a banker or two, were all quarreling about who could show us most attention, and force most claret and whisky punch down our throats. We flirted and jiggled, and got drunk every night in the week at the house of one friend or another. I was seventeen times in love, ay, and out again, in the first fortnight: such eyes as one young lady had, and such legs had another; Susan had such lips, and Kate had such shoulders; Maria laughed so heartily—to show her teeth; and Johanna held her petticoats so tidily out of the mud—to show her ankle. I was fairly bothered with them all, and nearly ruined into the bargain by the amount of my wine bills at the mess. The constant love-making kept me in a fever, and a perpetual unquenchable thirst was the consequence. In vain did I toss off bumper after bumper of port and sherry in honor of the charms of each and all of them; in vain did I sit down with my tumbler of whisky punch (hot) at my elbow, when I invoked the muse and wrote sonnets on the sweet creatures. Every fresh charm called for a fresh bottle, and each new poetical thought cried out for more hot water, sugar, whisky, and lemon-juice! The more I made love, the more feverish I grew; and it was absolutely impossible to keep my pulsations and wine bills under any control. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, one young lady began to usurp the place of the many. I was determined to install her as prime and permanent mistress of my affections.

Accordingly, Miss Juliana Hennessy was gazetted to the post, *vice* a score dismissed. Juliana had beautiful legs, beautiful bust, beautiful shoulders; figure plump, smooth, and showy; face nothing to boast of, for her nose was a snub, and she was a trifle marked with the small-pox; but her teeth were generally clean, and her eye languishing; so, on the whole, Juliana Hennessy was not to be sneezed at. Half a dozen of our youngsters were already flirting with her; one boasted that he had a lock of her hair, but honor forbade him to show it; another swore that he had kissed her in her father's scullery, that she was nothing loath, and only said, "Ah now, Mr. Casey, can't you stop? what a flirt you are!"—but nobody believed him; and Peter Dawson, the adjutant, who was a wag, affirmed, that he heard

her mother say, as she crossed the streets, "Juliana, mind your petticoats—spring, Juliana, spring, and show your 'agility'—the officers are looking." After this, poor Juliana Hennessy never was known but as Juliana Spring.

Juliana Spring had a susceptible mind, and was partial to delicate attentions; so the first thing I did, to show that my respect for her was particular, was to call out Mister Casey about the scullery story; and, after exchanging three shots, (for I was new to the business *then*, and my pistols none of the best,) I touched him up in the left knee, and spoilt his capering in rather an off-hand style, considering I was but a novice. I now basked in my Juliana's smiles, and was as happy and pleasant as a pig in a potato-garden. I begged Casey's pardon for having hurt him, and he pitched Juliana to Old Nick, for which, by the way, I was near having him out again.

I was now becoming quite a sentimental milk-sop; I got drunk not more than twice a week, I ducked but two watchmen, and broke the head of but one chairman, during the period of my loving Juliana Spring. Wherever her toe left a mark in the gutter, my heel was sure to leave its print by the side of it. Her petticoats never had the sign of spatter on them; they were always held well out of the mud, and the snow-white cotton stockings, tight as a drum-head, were duly displayed.

Juliana returned my love, and plenty of billing and cooing we had of it. Mrs. Hennessy was as charming a lady of her years as one might see any where; she used to make room for me next Juliana—make us stand back to back, to see how much the taller I was of the two—Juliana used to put on my sash and gorget, and I was obliged to adjust them right; then she was obliged to replace them, with her little fingers fiddling about me. After that the old lady would say, "Juliana, my love, how do the turkeys walk through the grass?" "Is it through the long grass, ma'am?" "Yes, Juliana, my love; show us how the turkeys walk through the long grass." Then Juliana would rise from her seat, bend forward, tuck up her clothes nearly to her knees, and stride along the room on tip-toe. "Ah, now do it again, Juliana," said the mother. So Juliana did it again—and again—and again—till I knew the shape of Juliana's supporters so well, that I can conscientiously declare they were uncommonly pretty.

Juliana and I became thicker, and thicker—till at length I had almost made up my mind to marry her. I was very near fairly popping the question at a large ball at the Custom House, when fortunately, Colonel Gauntlet clapped his thumb upon me, and said "Stop!" and Dawson stepped up to say that I must march next morning, at ten o'clock, for that famous citadel, Clare castle. I was very near calling out both Dawson and the colonel; but Juliana requested me not, for her sake. Prudence came in time. Gauntlet would have brought me to a court-martial, and I should have gone back to Ballybeg after my recruits.

Leaving the Hennessys without wishing them good-bye, would have been unkind and unhand-some; so at nine next morning I left the New Barracks, having told the sergeant of the party who was to accompany me, to call at Arthur's

Quay on his way. I scampered along George Street, and in a few minutes arrived at the Hennessy's. How my heart beat when I lifted the knocker! I fancied that, instead of the usual sharp rat-tat-too, it had a sombre, hollow sound; and when Katty Lynch, the hand-maiden of my beloved, came to the door, and hesitated about admitting me, I darted by her, and entering the dining-room on my right hand. Here the whole family were assembled; but certainly not expecting company—not one of the "genteel officers," at least.

The father of the family, who was an attorney, was arranging his outward man. His drab cloth ink-spotted inexpressibles were unbuttoned at the knee, and but just met a pair of whitish-brown worsted stockings, that wrinkled up his thick legs. Coat and waistcoat he had none, and at the open breast of a dirty shirt appeared a still dirtier flannel-waistcoat. He was rasping a thick stubble on his chin, as he stood opposite a handsome pier-glass between the windows. The razor was wiped upon the breakfast-cloth which ever and anon he scraped clean with the back of the razor, and dabbed the shave into the fire. The lady mother was in a chemise and petticoat, with a large colored cotton shawl, which did duty as dressing gown; and she was alternately busy in combing her grizzled locks, and making breakfast.

Miss Juliana,—Juliana of my love—Juliana Spring, sat by the fire in a pensive attitude, dressed as she had turned out of her nest. Her hair still in papers, having just twitched off her night-cap; a red cotton bed-gown clothed her shoulders, a brown flannel petticoat was fastened with a running string round her beautiful waist, black worsted stockings enveloped those lovely legs which I had so often gazed on with admiration, as they, turkey-fashion, tripped across the room; and a pair of yellow slippers, down at heel, covered the greater part of her feet. On the fender stood the tea-kettle, and on the handle of the tea-kettle a diminutive shirt had been put to air; while its owner, an urchin of five years old, frequently popped in from an inner room, exhibiting his little natural beauties *al fresco*, to see if it was fit to put on.

I stared about me as if chaos was come again; but I could not have been more surprised than they were. The whole family were taken aback. The father stood opposite the mirror with his snub nose held between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and his right grasping the razor—his amazement was so great that he could not stir a muscle. Mrs. Hennessy shifted her seat to the next chair, and the lovely Juliana Spring, throwing down the *Sorrows of Werter*, with which she had been improving her mind, raised her fingers to get rid of the hair papers. Each individual would have taken to flight; but, unfortunately, the enemy was upon them, and occupied the only means of egress, except the little room, which it seems was the youngster's den; so that, like many another body, when they could not run away, they boldly stood their ground.

I apologized for the untimely hour of my visit, and pleaded, as an excuse, that in half an hour, I should be on my way to Clare Castle. My friends say that I have an easy way of appearing com-

fortable wherever I go, and that it at once makes people satisfied. In less than a minute Mr. Hennessy let his nose go; his wife wreathed her fat face into smiles; and Juliana Spring looked budding into summer, squeezed a tear out of her left eye, and blew her nose in silent anguish at my approaching departure.

Katty brought in a plate of eggs and a pile of buttered toast. Apologies innumerable were made for the state of affairs;—the sweeps had been in the house—the child had been sick—Mr. Hennessy was turned out of his dressing-room by the masons—Mrs. Hennessy herself had been "poorly"—and Juliana was suffering with a nervous headache. Such a combination of misfortunes surely had never fallen upon so small a family at the same time. I began to find my love evaporating rapidly. Still, Juliana was in grief, and between pity for her, and disgust at the color of the tablecloth, I could not eat. Mr. Hennessy soon rose, said he would be back in the "peeling of an onion," and requested me not to stir till he returned.

He certainly was not long, but he came accompanied, lugging into the room with him a tall, loose-made fellow in a pepper-and-salt coat, and brown corduroys. I had never seen this hero before, and marvelled who the deuce he might prove to be. "Sit down, Jerry," said Hennessy to his friend—"sit down and taste a dish of tea. Jerry, I am sorry that Juliana has a headache this morning." "Never mind, man," said Jerry; "I'll go bail she will be better by and by. Sure my darling niece isn't sorry at going to be married." Here were two discoveries—Jerry was uncle to Juliana, and Juliana was going to be married—to whom, I wondered? "O, Jerry! she will be well enough by and by," said her father. "But I don't believe you know Ensign O'Donoghue—let me introduce," &c. Accordingly I bowed, but Jerry rose from his chair, and came forward with outstretched paw. "Good morrow-morning to you, sir, and 'deed and indeed it is mighty glad I am to see you, and wish you joy of so soon becoming my relation." "Your relation, sir? I am not aware"—"Not relation," returned Jerry, "not blood relation, but connexion by marriage." "I am not going to be married," said I. "You not going to be married?" "Not that I know of," I replied. "Ah, be aisy, young gentleman," said uncle Jerry; "sure I know all about it—ar'n't you going to marry my niece, Juliana, there?"

A pretty *denouement* this! My love oozed away like Bob Acres's valor—so I answered, "I rather think not, sir." "Not marry Juliana?" ejaculated the father. "Not marry my daughter?" yelled the mother. "Not marry my niece?" shouted the uncle; "but by Saint Peter you shall—didn't you propose for her last night?" "I won't marry her, that's flat; and I did not propose for her last night"—I roared. My blood was now up, and I had no notion of being taken by storm. "You shall marry her, and that before you quit this room, or the d—l is not in Killyballyowen!" said Jerry, getting up, and locking the door. "If you don't, I'll have the law of you," said Mr. Hennessy. "If you don't you are no gentleman," said Mrs. Hennessy. "If I do, call me fool," said I. "And I am unanimous,"



said a third person, from the inner door. "The deuce you are," said I to this new addition to our family-circle; a smooth-faced, hypocritical-looking scoundrel, in black coat and black breeches, and gray pearl stockings—as he issued from the smaller apartment—how he got there, I never knew. "Don't swear, young gentleman," said he. "I'll swear from this to Clare castle, if I like," said I, "and no thanks to any one. Moreover by this and by that, and by every thing else, I am not in the humor, and I'll marry no one—good, bad, or indifferent—this blessed day." Even this did not satisfy them. "Then you will marry her after Lent?" said the fellow in the pearl stockings. "Neither then nor now, upon my oath!" I answered. "You won't?" said old Hennessy. "You won't?" echoed the wife. "You won't?" dittoed uncle Jerry. "That I won't, ladies and gentlemen," I rejoined; "I am in a hurry for Clare castle; so good morning to you, and I wish you all the compliments of the season." "Go aisy with your hitching," said Jerry, "you will not be off in that way"—and he disappeared into the small room.

The father sat down to a table, and began to write busily—the pearl-stocking'd gentleman twirled his thumbs, and stood between me and the door—Juliana sat sniveling and blowing her nose by the fire—I sprang to the door, but it was not only double-locked, but bolted. I contemplated a leap from the window, but the high iron railing of the area was crowned with spikes. I was debating about being impaled or not, when Jerry returned with a brace of pistols as long as my arm. Mr. Hennessy jumped from his writing table, flourishing a piece of paper, and Mr. Pearl Stockings pulled a book out of his coat-pocket. "You have dishonored me and my pedigree," said Jerry—"If you don't marry Juliana, I will blow you to atoms." "Stop, Jerry," said the attorney; "may-be the gentleman will sign this scrap of a document." I felt like the fat man in the play, who would not give a reason upon compulsion—I flatly refused. "I'd rather not dirty my hands with you," said the uncle; "so just step in here to the closet. Father Twoney will couple you fair and aisy—or just sign the bit of paper—if you don't I'll pop you to Jericho." "Ah! do, now, Mr. O'Donoghue," implored the mother. I turned to the priest: "Sir, it seems that you are a clergyman. Do you, I ask, think it consistent with your profession thus to sanction an act of violence?" "*Batherashin*," interrupted Jerry. "Don't be putting your *come-hether* on Father Twoney—he knows what he is about; and if he don't, I do. So you had better get buckled without any more blarney."

The ruffian then deliberately threw up the pan of one of the pistols, and shook the powder together, in order that I might be convinced he was not jesting; then, slowly cocking it, laid it on the table, within his reach, and did the same with the other. "Give me one of those pistols, you scoundrel!" I exclaimed, "and I will fight you here—the priest will see fair play." "Who would be the fool then, I wonder?" said this bully. "I am not such an *omadahahavn* as you suppose. If I was to shoot you where you stand, who would be the wiser—you *spalpeen*?"

I seized a poker—Juliana rose and came to-

ward me with extended arm. "Ah! now Mr. O'Donoghue! dearest O'Donoghue!—dearest Con, do prevent bloodshed—for my sake, prevent bloodshed—you know that I dote on you beyond any thing. Can't you be led by my relations, who only want your own good—ah! now, do!" "Ah! do now," said the mother. "Listen to me, now," cried I, "listen to me all of you for fear of a mistake:—you may murder me—my life is in your power—and father Twoney may give you absolution, if he likes; but, mark me now, Juliana Hennessy—I would not marry you if your eyes were diamonds, and your heels gold, and you were dressed in Roche's five-pound notes. If the priest was administering extreme unction to your father, and your mother kicking the bucket beside him—and your uncle Jerry with a razor at my throat—I would pitch myself head-foremost into hottest part of purgatory before I would say Juliana Hennessy, you are my wife. Are you satisfied? Now, have you had an answer, Juliana Spring?"

I do not imagine that they thought me so determined. The father seemed to hesitate; Juliana blubbered aloud; the priest half closed his eyes, and twirled his thumbs as if nothing unusual was going on; and Jerry, whose face became livid with rage, leveled the pistol at my head. I believe he would have murdered me on the spot, but for Mrs. Hennessy, who was calculating in her wrath. She clapped her hands with a wild howl, and shook them furiously in my face—"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! That I should live to hear my daughter called Juliana Spring!—I that gave her the best of learning—that had her taught singing by Mr. O'Sullivan, straight from Italy, and bought her a bran new forte-piano from Dublin—oh! to hear her called Juliana Spring!—Didn't I walk her up street and down street, and take lodgings opposite the Main Guard! And then, when we came here, wasn't she called the *Pride of the Quay*? Wouldn't Mr. Casey have married her, only you shot him in the knee? Wasn't that something? And you here late and early, getting the best of every thing, and philandering with her every where—and now you won't marry her! I am ruined entirely with you—oh dear! oh dear!"

A loud ring at the bell, and a rap at the hall-door, astonished the group. Before Katty could be told not to admit any one, I heard sergeant O'Gorman asking for me—he was no relation to O'Gorman Mahon, but a lad of the same kidney—a thorough-going Irishman—and loved a row better than his prayers. I shouted to the sergeant, "O'Gorman, they are going to murder me." "Then by St. Patrick, your honor, we'll be in at the death," responded the sergeant. "Katty, shut to the door," roared Jerry.

Katty was one of O'Gorman's sweethearts, so was not so nimble as she might have been; however, before the order could be obeyed, the sergeant had thrust his halbert between the door and the post, which effectually prevented it closing. I heard his whistle, and in a second the whole of his party had forced their way into the hall.

"Break open the door, my lads," I hallooed—"never mind consequences;" and immediately a charming sledge-hammer din was heard, as my men applied the but-ends of their fire-locks to the

wood. The attorney ran to the inner room, so did the priest,—and Jerry, dropping the pistols, followed them. Crash went the panels of the door, and in bounced my light-bobs. Mrs. Hennessy cried "fire" and "robbery;" Juliana Spring tried to faint; and I ran to the inner room just in time to catch Jerry by the heel, as he was jumping from the window. Mr. Hennessy and the priest, in their hurry to escape, had impeded each other, so that uncle Jerry, who was last, had not time to fly before I clutched him. I dragged back the scoundrel, who was loudly bawling for mercy.

"Is there a pump in the neighborhood, my lads?" I asked. "Yes, sir, in the back yard," answered O'Gorman. "Then *don't* duck him!" "No, your honor!" they all said. I walked out of the house; but, strange to say, my orders were not obeyed; for uncle Jerry was ducked within an inch of his life.

At the corner of the street I waited for my party, who soon joined me. A few minutes afterward I met Casey. "Casey," said I, "I am more than ever sorry for your misfortune; and Juliana Spring is at your service." "She may go to old Nick, for all that I care," said Casey. "With all my heart, too," said I. "Small difference of opinion to bother our friendships, then!" rejoined the good-humored boy; and to drown the memory of all connected with the *calf-love*, by which we both had been stultified, we took a hearty stirrup-cup together, and off I set for Clare Castle.

#### POOR JOSEPHINE.

"Sensible à la seule bonte,  
Son ame est innocente et pure;  
C'est l'image de la beauté  
Sortant des mains de la nature."

"NEITHER here yesterday, nor to-day!" exclaimed brother Claude, looking out from a cabinet that opened into the well-furnished and comfortable room in which travelers are received at the hospitable convent of Mont St. Bernard. "Neither here yesterday, nor to-day!" he repeated, laying carefully in its place a last received relic from the Temple of Jupiter. "Neither here yesterday, nor to-day!" he said for the third time, as he issued from his favorite chamber; "then, where can she have been?"

"I wish I was able to answer," replied brother Jacques. "I am many years older than any of you; for few grow old here; and I think we have never had so constant a visitor as poor Josephine. I cannot call to mind her missing two days, since she was able to crawl up the steps leading to yon corridor."

"She has missed them now, at all events," said the young Friar Claude; "and, if I deemed there was a possibility of finding her, I would seek her—"

"Where?" interrupted Jacques.

"True—true; and in such weather as this, she is sure to be beyond what even we should consider human aid."

"Poor Josephine!" mused the old man; "how different her youth has been passed from the youth of most girls! The children of the peasants at Liddles, and all our neighboring villages, in the early part of their lives, make acquaintance

with the birds and flowers of our Alpine valleys; but Josephine plays with the snow wreaths; and climbs where eagles soar. Her foot is so light, that she runs along the trembling avalanche without hastening its downward progress; and I do believe she knows every tree in the gloomy forest of St. Pierre."

"Did you ever see her laugh?" inquired Claude.

"Seldom; and but rarely weep. She seems alike insensible to sorrow or riotous joy."

"How fond the servants and dogs are of her!" said Claude. "Those huge animals know, intuitively, when she stands outside, at the entrance, or when she wanders around the Hospice. Old Leo never seems at rest without her."

Here was a pause in the conversation. The youngest monk looked out upon the hills and valleys, which seemed hewn out of the spotless snow. He watched the element, as it descended, not in flakes, but in small drizzling particles; each a solid bit of ice, always most dangerous to the traveler; for it does not flake and consolidate beneath his feet, but rises around him like powder, higher—higher—higher, each step he takes through the glittering valleys. The kindly priest shivered as he turned from this dazzling prospect, and was pleased to observe an additional quantity of wood heaped on the enormous hearth. The old friar was stretching his hands over the blazing blocks.

"It is ten degrees below zero, at least," said he. "I wonder how far the travelers, who departed this morning, have proceeded on the journey. I am fearful about them."

"We have leisure," replied Claude, "at this season of the year, to become interested for our visitors; they do not crowd upon us quickly."

"Some too quickly," said the old man, with a sigh. "One of the travelers of last night I have seen before."

"Indeed! but we often see the same faces more than once," said the young man.

"Ay, but not such as his;—looks, which compel you to think of evil, and have no hope of good," replied brother Jacques.

"I heard him asking you many questions about the daughter of an old noble, who died here some years ago; died, I believe, from over fatigue," observed Claude cautiously, for the old priest was seldom communicative.

Father Jacques smiled sadly, but made no answer; there was a long pause. Claude resumed his old position at the window, looking toward the depths of the valleys, which the eye could seldom fathom, shrouded as they were, sometimes with thick vapor, then by the tourmentes whirling and whirling through the defiles; then, again, he would scan the protecting mountain of Chenelletaz, or Mont-Mort; and bias them for the shelter and safety they afforded the hospice, in the dark hours of the whirlwind and the storm.

"I grow old!" exclaimed the white-headed man, so suddenly, as to startle the younger brother, whose thoughts had wandered at that moment from snow and St. Bernard, back to his mother's cottage on the banks of the Loire; "Claude, I grow old, I will tell you all I know and believe of that stranger's history, as connected with our mountains; I will tell you, because it will make you feel a deeper interest in—but I

may not anticipate. You must bear with me patiently, for I am old, and the words which spring from the rosy mouth of youth, bright and sparkling as a torrent of mountain rain, lay sluggishly on withered lips, like the dull creeping of a slimy stream; bear with me, good Claude, for I am old!

"When that noble (for he who attracted your attention is what the world calls so) was last within these walls, we were busied in attending the bed of a Prussian officer, an old man—older than I am now; he had been accompanied hither by a girl—a grandchild—a maid so lovely, that I doubt not many a younger brother, when he looked upon her, wished he had not taken the vows of St. Augustine, light though they be: the old man died, and was buried—you may see his grave close by the monument which Napoleon raised within our chapel to the memory of General Desaix, who fell at his Marengo. Napoleon himself laid the first stone of that same cenotaph—I remember the scene well—what he did, can never be forgotten.

"So, as I said, the old man died, and left the girl under my care, to be transmitted to his friends; the nobleman still lingered at the hospice, and found means to woo the maiden before her grandsire's shroud was crushed into his coffin; the girl was quick of love, (her mother came from Italy), and nor the chill of our stern mountains, nor the icy death which sat upon her grandsire's lids, I fear, restrained her passion: she fled with him but three days after the sad funeral.

"Why fled?" interrupted Claude; "was she not of equal lineage with himself?"

"Yes, so I have understood," continued the old man. "It was his crime, not hers; he had a wife in England."

"In England!" repeated Claude. "I thought, though heretics, such crimes were deemed most sinful in that island."

"My brother," replied the elder, "it is one thing to denounce a crime, another to avoid it. But we must leave such to their God, convinced that, at the last day, they will need to importune his mercy more than his justice. He took her to the valleys, hid her from my search, until wearied of her child-like love, tired of fooling, or, perchance seeking another toy, he left her to her fate."

"And what was that?" asked the young priest.

"He told her he was married; and, after such avowal, though she still worshipped, she would not remain with him. To return to her own land, she dared not; so, poor child, she remembered the great kindness of the hospice, and, as she said, how her poor grandsire loved me; winter though it was, she found us out; it was night when she arrived, and, not wishing the whole house to know her shame, she hid herself till morning—where do you think?"

"In the chapel?"

"No," replied the old man, "not there; 'it is a hallowed place,' she said to her poor heart, 'and shall not be defiled by such a wretch;' ardent as had been her love, so ardent was her sorrow—she sought shelter that dread night in the morgue." Claude shuddered. "Here," continued Jacques, "among the reliques of those sacrificed for centuries past to the fury of the storm and the avalanche, did that young creature, into whose

ears flattery had breathed its sweetest incense, and whose eyes had so long rested only upon worshippers, cast her weary limbs after her desperate journey. Imagine how fearful to a young girl must have been such images, seen by the shivering starlight, those bare and shining skulls, with the fragments of drapery attached to their fleshless bones; others dried up and withered, yet presenting the dread picture of death under its most awful forms!—there, beneath one of the grated windows, the next morning was she found."

"Alive?" inquired Claude.

"Ay, alive! after giving life to one, whose life, poor girl, has been as joyless as her birth."

"Poor Josephine!" exclaimed the younger priest.

"Poor Josephine!" repeated the good Jacques; "for she it was!"

"And the mother?" again asked Claude.

"The mother placed the infant in my arms, and spoke its name; a few brief words she said, expressive of her sorrow, and murmured many more of prayer; and then she died."

"What a world it is!" sighed the young priest.

"A goodly world, if it were more godly," said the monk. "Sin mars the work of the Almighty; and then bribes discontent, (which is old Satan's mouthpiece,) to rail at what, but for such evil deeds, would be perfection."

"Poor Josephine! No wonder she is so wild and strange; do you think, brother, she is deaf as she is dumb?"

"They say she must be. I got especial leave, and took her when a child to Paris; she did nothing but cry; and would sit for hours sullenly on the ground, and neither sleep nor eat; and, as they said her case was hopeless, I brought her back. Since then, she has lived nominally with the good dame Magdalene, in the valley of Aosta. She was the sweetest babe I ever saw; her little serious face, that seldom smiled, would bend to me for blessing when she was but three years old; and then she used to ride on Leo when he went out to seek for travelers. I have often prayed to the Virgin that she might speak: there is a world of music in her look."

"So there is," observed Claude; "and yet I'm sure her voice would be a sad one."

"Belike it might! Sadness was born anew when first she breathed. 'Tis a wild night; and yet," continued the old priest, "I'll send one down to the good Magdalene's, to know what ails the girl."

"Ay, do," said Claude; "but yet you have not told me if you sought out Josephine's relations, or what said the English lord; did you tell him the girl lived?"

"He knows it now full well; but what cares he for one, however beautiful, whose dread infirmity bars her from commune with a world, where she could but be a statue."

"A statue the world might well be proud of," interrupted Claude, with more warmth, perhaps, than became a priest. "Has she not mind, feeling, and energy? energy that flies with her along the mountains, seeking to succor and save the perishing adventurer? How many has this afflicted child of Nature dragged from a snowy grave! how many recalled to life——"

His eulogy was interrupted by Josephine herself, who suddenly burst into the chamber; and, falling on her knees before Jacques, first threw her arms to the ground, and then stretched them toward the door; in an instant she was out of the room.

"Travelers overwhelmed by the snow," exclaimed Claude, as they followed her footsteps to the principal entrance.

One of the servants of the hospice, attended by the noble Leo, was standing on the threshold; the wind blew back the cowl intended to protect his head, and Father Jacques, as he advanced and shaded his eyes, so as to look out upon the landscape, thought he had never seen the energetic girl, he had known her from her birth, so eager, or so anxious. She was without either cloak or hat; her long plaits streamed from her head,—her left hand was clenched upon her bosom,—and her right arm extended toward the valley. Her gestures, urging immediate departure, were almost frantic, while the faithful dog, now fully comprehending what she meant, waited impatiently the signal that would send him on his way; barking, and calling his canine companions to his help, by tones which were to them as words.

For some hours the blessed hospice was still—as the temple of the dead; those who remained, were silently watching the return of the different brethren who traversed the slippery hills and fast filling valleys. Some told over their beads, others bent to the lamp, and read; those who did speak, spoke in whispers; while others, ever and anon, rose to look out upon the night.

"Hark!" at last exclaimed one, as the convent clock tolled two. "Is not that the bark of Leo?"

"I cannot tell," replied another; "his note is not so deep as it used to be; I remember when his bay would wake at least a dozen echoes. Do you ever think of the night when he brought a living child from the dead body of its mother, and laid it by the fire as carefully as a Christian could have done? Eh, sirs! the saints protect us! but those animals have more sense than many Christians."

"Hark!" ejaculated again the first speaker; "that is Leo's bay; and now Marco gives tongue; they are coming! Holy Saint Bernard! but the dogs reply one to the other from the ravines, like the answering chimes of the blessed bells—there—and there—and there!—how it snows! Now, the Virgin shield that brave girl. God increased her other senses, as well as her strength, tenfold, when he deprived her of her hearing and her speech. Ah, there's a shout! but it is spiritless; now they are coming up the path by which our travelers departed but this morning."

"Look!" said one who had been reading; "look at young Tigre, how he bristles; down, Tigre—down, pup!—when the spring comes, you shall go out with granddam, she has taught more pups in her time than any in the Pays de Vaud."

"How obstinate were they to go forth on such a morn!" said another. "Who was it said that poor Josephine met them, as they were going down the defile, and entreated, by her gestures, their return: upon which, the old stiff one was more firm than ever, and would go on; while she, I warrant me, poor bird! fluttered after them to watch for danger!"

"They will be here anon," observed the first speaker. "We can see the dull glare of the torches. More wood, Giacomo: and heat well the room; do you hear, good brothers, how the bark of the dogs has sunk into a howl? Ah! death is with the company."

At last the party that had been led by the intrepid Josephine, returned, bearing three of those who departed from their walls that morning full of vigor and life. She came too, wearied and worn by her extraordinary exertions; yet restless, impatient, anxious as ever. She wrung her hands, and knelt in prayer, for the spirits of the travelers were gone beyond recall, to that bourne from whence no travelers return.

The body of the rich noble by whom she knelt, unconscious of his kindred to her, was as cold as his heart had been, when he abandoned her who trusted to his faith, and as it was when he refused to acknowledge his child because of her affliction.

"It is retributive justice," said Father Jacques. "No grave shall receive him. *We will lay his body in the morgue.*"

#### ~~~~~ LOVE AND HATRED.

When I lov'd you, I can't but allow,  
I had many an exquisite minute:  
But the scorn that I feel for you now,  
Hath even more luxury in it.  
Thus, whether we're on or we're off,  
Some witchery still seems to wait you;  
To love you is pleasant enough,  
But oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.—MOORE.

#### ~~~~~ THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

OUR NEXT VOLUME.—In the next number of the Rover we shall unfold our plans for its further improvement, and our subscribers will see that we shall be nothing behind our most elegant cotemporaries. In point of illustration we shall exceed all previous attempts of any magazine published in the country, and shall moreover be backed by capital that will ensure the utmost fulfillment of what we intend to propose. Our agents must be awake to the subject, and recollect, that many of their subscriptions expire with the close of this volume, and it will be well for them to remit all renewals as soon as possible, that we may have some guide as to the number we must print to serve our friends.

POSTAGE ON THE ROVER.—We have had several complaints respecting postage on the Rover, and consequently took occasion the other day to ask the Postmaster in this city what we could do to make this tax less burdensome to our subscribers in the country, and we found that by putting up our plate edition WITHOUT STITCHING OR PASTING ON THE COVERS, (simply as our subscribers see this number put up) they will be entitled to receive it at NEWSPAPER POSTAGE ONLY, not can more be charged according to law. For this saving, our mail subscribers will not mind stitching their own numbers. Will all our exchanges say that our plate edition is only chargeable with newspaper postage, after this date? We are obliged to the Portland Transcript, an excellent family paper, for its kind notice of us; also to the Clyde Eagle. We shake hands with you, gentlemen, and don't you pay any more postage for the Rover.

#### ~~~~~ THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE—

To Mail Subscribers a Dollar a Volume with plates and covers, and one Dollar a Year without—in all cases in advance.  
Two Volumes a Year.

Persons procuring five subscribers, who pay in advance, shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

L. LABRE, }  
W. N. ROBINSON. } PUBLISHERS, 123 FULTON-ST., NEW YORK.



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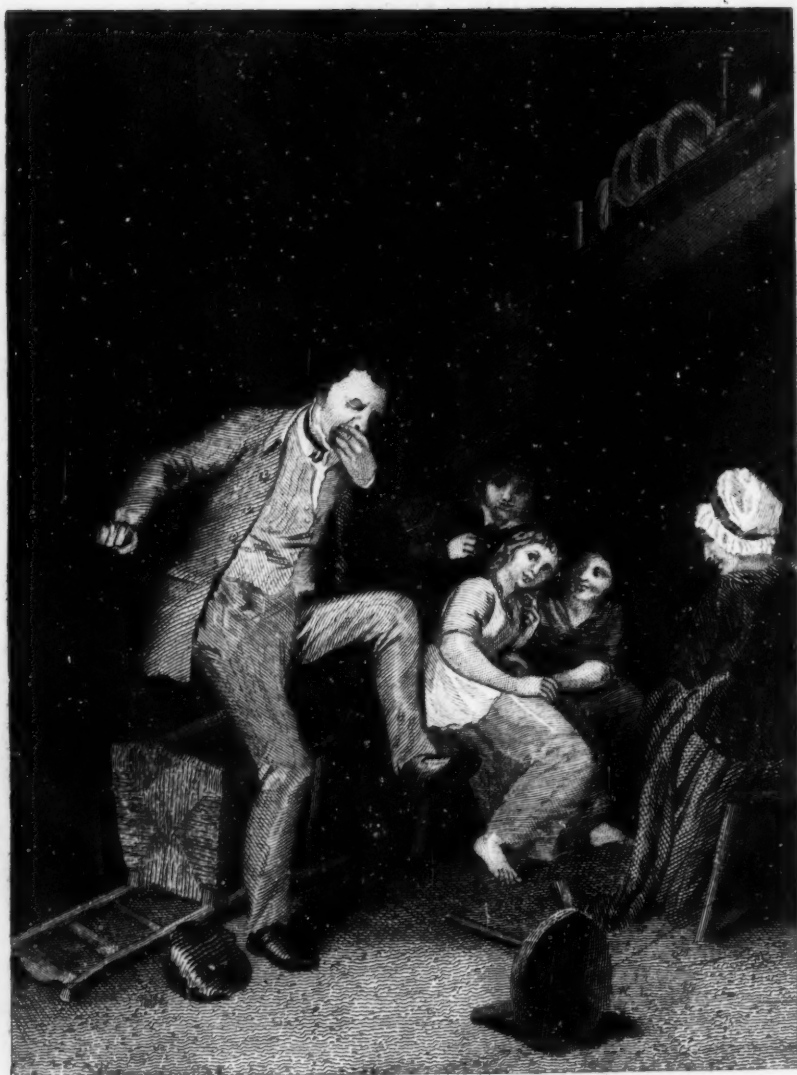
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J. M. Wright

# THE TOOTHACHE.

Illustrated for the "Lancet"

